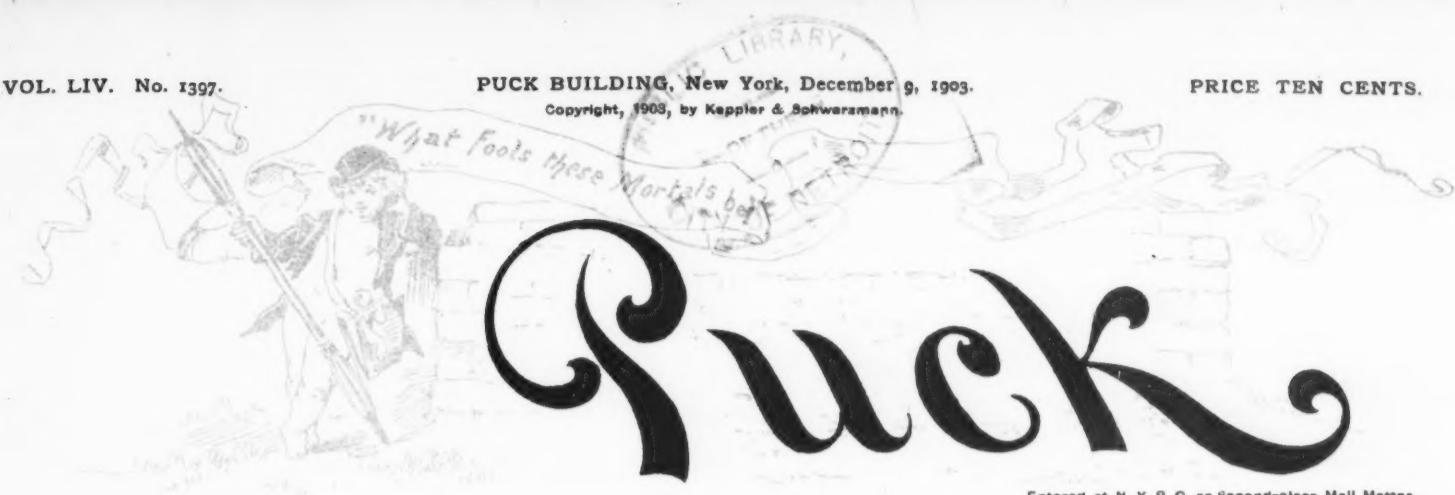


VOL. LIV. No. 1397.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, December 9, 1903.
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THE PHILIPPINE OLIVER ASKS FOR MORE.



PATRIOTISM.

Patriotism, again, is muchwhat a matter of temperament.

Some patriots are not easy in their minds unless they always take off their hats when the band plays the national anthem, while others are content merely to refrain from stealing sheep, or keep their books straight.

The patriot of the future, doubtless, will use his mouth less for talking and more to eat with. For in this way he will contribute directly to the creation of a home market for beef, breakfast food and patent medicines, and indirectly to the creation of a home market for steel rails, 7th mortgage bonds and other transportation facilities.

Political independence without commercial independence is like a feast of empty dishes.

IRRELEVANT.

EDITOR.—What idea had you in mind when you wrote this story?

AUTHOR.—Oh, I do not now recall. But why do you ask?

IN THE old red school-house, as it seems, boys and girls were taught just enough grammar to enable them to disgrace their grandchildren.



RECIPROCITY.

"One critic has been good enough to say that I 'm an artist of some promise and he hopes I 'll do better after a while."

"Yes? I suppose you consider him a critic of some promise and hope he 'll do better after a while."

THE PASSING OF THE CALL.



IN DAYS gone by, those happy days
When all the world was slow,
My lady oft, to while the time,
A-visiting would go.

Her dainty buckled shoes were donned,
And laced her gown so gay,
With reticule of fancy work
She went to spend the day.

Then faster must have rolled the sphere,
The days were o'er so soon!
For bosom-friend there could be found
But one brief afternoon.

The hours then increased their pace,
Full swift by duties driven.
And to her friend, though still beloved,
But minutes could be given.

H. D. Howell.

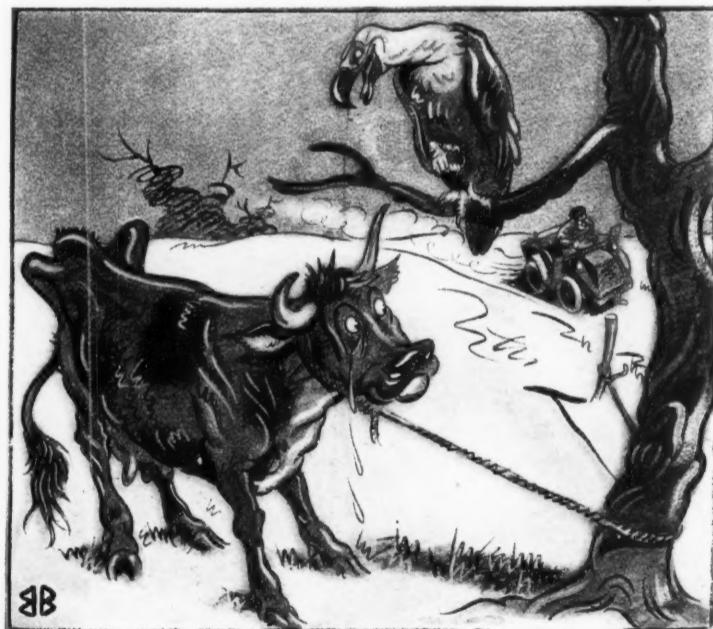
DAMNING EVIDENCE.

The teller's eyes were starting from their sockets.

"The cashier went out to lunch more than three minutes ago and has not returned," he gasped.

The president turned ashy pale, but retained his composure sufficiently to speak.

"Notify the police," he said.



JUST WAIT.

THE EAGLE.—I have one great advantage over you. I don't need to keep dodging automobiles all the time.

THE COW.—No; but just wait till they get these airships going.

PUCK



SMOOTHING IT OVER.

GREGORY GIGGLESBY.—I don't know what the Governor would say if I told him I was going to get married.

POLLY PARQUETTE.—Why, let me see; could n't you persuade him that two can burn less money than one?

THE FORTUNATE FARMER.

ONE EVENING, the farmer, having finished his supper, pulled off his boots, elevated his feet to the level of the mantelpiece in defiance of etiquette, lit his pipe and leaned back in his rocking-chair. Tired out after a hard day's work, he soon began to doze and presently was sound asleep.

Immediately a fairy appeared to him.

"You may have your choice of two wishes she said. "A bag of gold or a delicious piece of pumpkin pie."

"Gosh!" said the farmer. "But—er—can't I have 'em both? I believe it is customary to give three gifts, ain't it?"

"Only one this time," said the fairy, smiling pleasantly. "Take your choice."

"By gum!" said the farmer, "I'd like to have the gold but I'm afraid of gold bricks. Guess I'll take the pie. Then, even if it is a bunco game, I won't feel so bad about it."

"It is yours," said the fairy. And he ate the whole round pie and found it delicious.

"Gosh!" he said, "there

was no bunco about that! It was so good I'm sorry I didn't take the gold an' buy pie with it!"

Just then he woke up.

"Well," he said to himself, as he thought the matter over, "it's a lucky thing, after all, that I took the pie. If I took the gold it'd be all gone by this, and even if that was real pie that you could eat while you're wide awake, it'd be all gone, too. I would n't have anything but the memory of it—an' I've got that now!"

A philosopher, indeed, can extract more or less comfort from any situation.

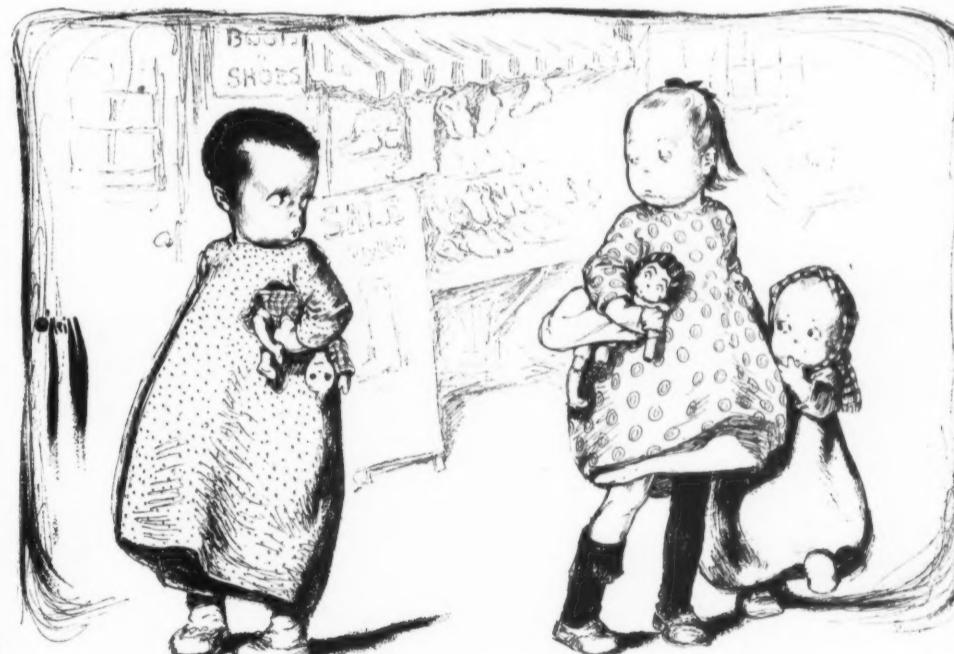
W.M. F. McKenna.

WISDOM.

Something nervously, for it was new to us to be conversing familiarly with a modern child, we asked the famous novelist why she always put the end of her pencil in her mouth before writing.

"Well, you know what the Good Book says about the mouths of babes and sucklings being a source of wisdom," she replied, without betraying the least impatience.

CAPITALIZATION has proved to be a somewhat unsatisfactory substitute for capital.



REJECTED OPPORTUNITY.

"Ain't dere any coons what yo' kin play wit'?"

"Cose; but I t'ought I'd gib yo' de fust chance."

Pretty women always marry homely men; showing that homely men have more taste than sense.

PUCK

HANS AND HIS CHUMS.

No. 17.



I.

"A noble sport is quoits," quoth Hans,
"And quite as much *your* game as man's."



II.

"I take the quoit," — intent was he,
And Dackel's scheme he failed to see.



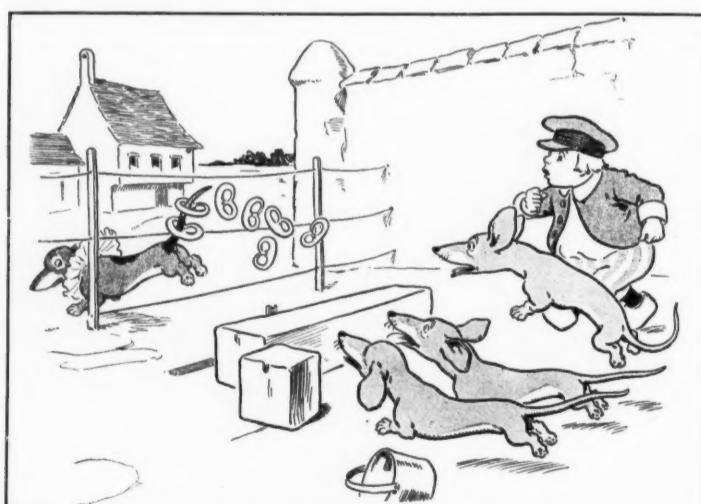
III.

Thus when he threw and cried, "How's that?"
'T was Dackel's tail he pitched it at.



IV.

Quoth Dackel: "Great! Unerring eye!
They know the game but — so do I."



V.

"Come, faithful tail, it's dinner hour —"
Alas! Of pretzel quoits, a shower.



VI.

And Hans said: "Yes, it's time to munch;
One dog's loss is the next dog's lunch."

PUCK

THE METHODS OF SHERLOCK.



HERE is nothing whatever remarkable about a sudden disappearance, sonny," confided the rather caustic city editor to the palpitating cub reporter, who thought he had a line on the story of the year, "but I 'll tell you, sonny, if you 'll bring me a good story about a *gradual* disappearance, I 'll put a double column slug head on it." Which is only intended to indicate the difficulty and rarity of such occurrences.

It is but a short mental journey from a gradual disappearance to a gradual reappearance, albeit not so short if one were to make it on foot, but the latter proposition is just about as uneventful as the former. To begin with, any one who makes a reappearance, be it slow or fast, is supposed to have been somewhere. His action is cumulative—he must have *appeared* in the first place, then *disappeared* in the second place, before he can *reappear* in the third place. In order to do the thing properly it is particularly desirable that he does n't get the places mixed up; as the procedure is delicate and uncertain in the extreme. For instance, how absurd it would be to see a man disappear in the second place before he had appeared in the first place. That would n't be right at all.

Having established such thoroughly satisfactory premises, it will be simplicity itself to philosophize briefly over the reappearance of Sherlock Holmes. The affair has all the complications possible to an artistic reappearance, for Sherlock Holmes, the beloved, is indeed supposed to have been somewhere—he is supposed to have been dead! Also his reappearance has been gradual, extremely so, in fact we were beginning to think we could n't wait. We breathed a sigh of relief however when rumors of one-dollar-a-word bribes were being handed out by publishers who ruthlessly speculate on the cravings of the reading public. We were disappointed a time or two, but it finally came to pass, and those who take particular and morbid delight in patronizing "farewell" performances and that sort of thing can now turn eagerly to "The Second Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes."

But it is not the fact itself of Mr. Holmes' return that pleases us; it is the very logical and pleasantly mystifying manner in which he conducts the affair. Everything works out smoothly and without any jar to the sensitive soul. For instance, he has n't been in sight five minutes till he admits that he has never been dead at all. This is soothing, though perhaps somewhat prosaic. Still the public will stand for it—they will stand for anything in the Sherlock Holmes line. Witness the popularity of the S. R. O. during the Gillette performances. It is not at all necessary that he should have been dead, though of course it would have added greatly to the narrative if it could have been so arranged. To get at the real beauty and simple wonderment of the return of Sherlock Holmes, however, it will be



AS THE MODEL SWEPT BY.

MR. RIBROAST (*to himself*).—I tell you, this kind of shopping ain't half bad!

necessary to Bellamize (if the word will be permitted) for a few moments, and recount briefly the manner and methods of the man and his disappearance in the second place, which was one of the worst places that could have been picked out.

Several years ago two men struggled together on the edge of an abyss, which a principle feature in a story entitled "The Final Problem," and the brink of eternity was supposed to be loitering in the immediate vicinity. It was the object of both to throw the other over said edge. The reader was led to believe they were careening over the precipice in a conclusive and irretrievable career. Everything was mentioned by way of post mortem description except the "sickening thud," which has no business anyway in polite detective stories.

After a given length of time, which happily was not given, a friend of one of the participants comes into view. He gazes with energetic horror (which is of the suppressed, convulsive order) at the closely associated footprints on the ragged edge of nothing (abyss is getting a little old,

(Continued on Tenth page.)



ONE HUGE CONSOLATION.

THE CITY MAN.—I suppose you hate to see Winter coming on?

THE SUBURBANITE.—No; not at all. It 's a great satisfaction to know that the ground in my garden-patch is getting too hard for the neighbors' hens to scratch.

PUCK



A FLOWER SHOW TRAGEDY.

BOBBIE.—Auntie Belle, *please* take me home.

AUNTIE BELLE.—Home, Bobbie! Why?

BOBBIE.—I wanted to know where the wall-flowers grew and a lot of ladies laughed at me.

Cheer up. Your present troubles will pass away and you will have a lot of new ones.

PUCK



PUCK

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of PUCK is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
Publishers and Proprietors.
Cor. Houston and Elm Sts.,
New York.

Wednesday, December 9, 1903.—No. 1397.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

FIVE YEARS OF BENEFICENCE:—THE FILIPINO.—Please, Sir, it's Christmas time.

Won't you give me a tariff reduction?

A DIALOGUE.—THE PATRIOTIC CONGRESSMAN.—What? A tariff reduction?

Let me look you in the face.

Ah! It is just as I thought. You are the same little beggar I gave 25 per cent. to last year. What do you mean by asking me again?

THE FILIPINO.—Because, Sir, I have no one else to ask. You drove away my other guardian, Spain, you know. He was a cruel, wicked oppressor, I think you said. But sometimes, Sir, as I grow hungrier and poorer,—sometimes I think that—

THE PATRIOTIC CONGRESSMAN.—Ungrateful little wretch! I know what you sometimes think. You would prefer the barbaric rule of the Spaniard to the liberal, enlightened guidance of the United States. And this is your gratitude; this, after all I've done for you.

THE FILIPINO.—I appreciate all you've done for me, but—

THE PATRIOTIC CONGRESSMAN.—Consider the flag which now waves over you—the glorious banner of the stars, likewise of the stripes. Can you not look up in the Philippine air and see it flapping proudly from countless flag-poles?

THE FILIPINO.—Yes, Sir; but—

THE PATRIOTIC CONGRESSMAN.—Consider the teachers we have sent to you; the patient, talented men and women. What a boon is education to such a people as yours!

THE FILIPINO.—True, Sir; it is indeed a boon, but—

THE PATRIOTIC CONGRESSMAN.—What? More buts? I never met such a persistent beggar. A beautiful flag, pretty schoolma'am, affable missionaries for those who need them, the sense of fine security which comes from a union with the grandest nation on earth—these and more advantages are yours and yet you beg;—what was it, again, you begged for?

THE FILIPINO.—A tariff reduction, Sir.

THE PATRIOTIC CONGRESSMAN.—A tariff reduction! Listen to him. A tariff reduction. Don't—you—know that to reduce the tariff is to sap the vital strength of these, the United States, your sworn protector? Why, confidentially now, if we should tamper with the tariff, in no time at all every teacher in the Philippines would have to be withdrawn. Why? Simply because we'd be too poor to pay salaries. The fine bunting which now, in our beneficence, we send to you, would perchance be displaced by flags of coarsest muslin. While even the carpet in the bags of the carpet-baggers would be the rankest quality of denim, so pinched would this republic become. I'll not be angry with you, sonny, but you know not what you ask.

* * * * *

THE FILIPINO.—Ah, but I do know; and now that I've listened to you, suppose you listen to me for awhile.

THE PATRIOTIC CONGRESSMAN.—I? Why, what impertinence!

THE FILIPINO.—Yes; listen to me. Being, of course, a dull, untutored half-breed, I am not much to boast of as an orator, but what I am going to say to you may be classed

pretty accurately, I think, as plain English. In 1898 you took away my Spanish market and in five years you have given me no market in its place; no port to which I can ship my products and derive a living. You pretend to care for me and you talk feelingly of benevolent assimilation, but you make it as hard as you can, all the same, for me to exist. Spain was a cruel oppressor, I'll grant you that. It ground me down, as you say; but it did not grind me down, while professing to lift me up, as you are doing.

THE PATRIOTIC CONGRESSMAN.—Outrageous!

THE FILIPINO.—Yes. So say I. Outrageous. You give me benevolence, beneficence, kind words and enlightenment in generous quantities, but when I ask for common decency and justice, as in this tariff matter, your stock of both is invariably out.

THE PATRIOTIC CONGRESSMAN.—Why, what nonsense! We gave you a reduction last year. Just think of it—a big reduction of 25 per cent., which is a very big reduction indeed, let me tell you, for such a little chap. Then beside, you recall, all the duties we collected on your imports, we turned right over to your own treasury for insular improvements.

THE FILIPINO.—Yes; and then you abolished my export duties which meant a loss to me of three times the sum you paid back. You were more than kind, it is true.

THE PATRIOTIC CONGRESSMAN.—I'll talk to you no longer. You are wholly incorrigible.

THE FILIPINO.—No; not incorrigible. Merely of an inquiring mind. I want to know what sort of loyalty you expect from the Filipino when you treat him like a despised outsider? Why do you give me 25 per cent. reduction in the tariff and the Porto Rican 100 per cent.? Why do you treat the Cubans, an independent people, so much better than you do your own dependents, the little brown men whom you delight to speak of in connection with plain duty and destiny? What kind of honorable expansion—

THE PATRIOTIC CONGRESSMAN.—Not another word. It's blasphemy.

THE FILIPINO.—— is that which denies to the expandees the elementary right of colonists anywhere, the right to trade freely with the parent country? What is the difference between a Spanish oppressor and a —

THE PATRIOTIC CONGRESSMAN (*sadly*).—My colleagues were quite correct. It is deplorable, but true. To be kind to a Filipino is indeed love's labor lost.



NO SURPLUS.

THE MANAGER.—You never had such a salary before.

THE ACTRESS.—Well, I need it. You know, I'm the only support of an able-bodied husband.





PUCK

THE METHODS OF SHERLOCK.

(Continued from Fifth page.)



PREPOSITIONS.

CORBY.—I hear Carr spends a deal of time in his automobile?

MISS RYDER.—You've been misinformed;—not in it but under it, and with a monkey wrench.

and apply to a certain extent the methods of escape that might have been used by some other detective of note. Nick Carter, if the blood and thunder favorite with bad boys may be mentioned here in this public manner, would have gotten out of the scrape to be sure. It is a foregone conclusion that Nick will get out of everything, and it would n't have taken him three years either (Nick has to show up every week). He would have flung out a hand and grasped a small but secure shrub jutting out from below; he would have had hooks on his toes and hung head downward over the edge until he whistled for help; he would have been lassoed by a couple of trusty assistants just at the crucial moment and drawn up again to safety in time for supper. At any rate, and without further speculation as to how he would have escaped the undesirable drop, it will be admitted by all lovers of good literature and despisers of yellow trash, that Nick Carter would have had help of some kind—some outward aid or assistance. No cheap, five-cent detective ever had brains or ambition enough to get out of a tight pinch like that alone.

But Sherlock Holmes, the brilliant, the gifted, the past master of hurry-up strategy!

and this amounts to the same thing), and then, as the truth strikes home, he turns to advise the relatives, if any, that they have become heirs or heiress.

The men who have fought the fight of death were, of course, Mr. Holmes and his arch enemy Professor Moriarty. The party who came and saw and went away and mourned was of course

Dr. Watson, the inevitable and always ignorant accompaniment of the famous detective.

It looked as though the grim reaper had done a good job, but a judicious use of one-dollar-a-word bait as before stated will work wonders. The scholarly sleuth is again with us; it looks difficult but it was comparatively easy. Of course

there were more than one way of getting back, for it will be admitted that when a man is falling over an abyss he is doing something definite and full of opportunity for prompt use of the life-line and ready wit. Especially is this true when the man is locked in an iron grip with another man who is doing the same thing.

If it is interesting the pause and reflect over the possibilities of the situation, then apply to a certain extent the methods of escape that might have been used by some other detective of note. Nick Carter, if the blood and thunder favorite with bad boys may be mentioned here in this public manner, would have gotten out of the scrape to be sure. It is a foregone conclusion that Nick will get out of everything, and it would n't have taken him three years either

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But Sherlock Holmes, the brilliant, the gifted, the past master of hurry-up strategy!

What did he do? Listen, he is speaking:

"I stood at bay. He drew no weapon, but he rushed at me and threw his long arms around me. . . . We tottered together upon the brink of the fall. I have some knowledge, however, of the ju jitsu, or Japanese system of wrestling. . . . I slipped through his grip, and he, with a horrible scream, kicked madly for a few seconds and clawed the air with both hands. But for all his efforts he could not get his balance and over he went."

Was it not clever? Who but an educated, drawing-room detective could trot out a foreign equipment of wrestling tactics? Why will our boys continue to read those vile yellow backs in the barn when there is stirring stuff like this on the drawing-room table?

But for personal reasons, and possibly through fear that he would not remain so, it did not please Mr. Holmes to be thought of as still alive. He wanted to be considered dead for about three years. (If he patronized a press-clipping bureau in the meantime he no doubt enjoyed it, too).

Watson was expected any minute, and things were becoming involved. He could not walk away from the place, for Watson would see his tracks—Watson at that time was getting to be a fiend for footprints. In spite of his ignorance in other matters of detail he could follow footprints almost anywhere as long as they were in sight.

In front of Mr. Holmes was a perpendicular cliff. Nobody had ever climbed it—nobody could climb it. Was there ever an adventure so alluring? It will be remembered that Mr.

Holmes was almost as near eight feet in height as he was five, and by careful measurements he found little niches in the rocks about every so often, but not too often, and of course the task was in this manner rendered easier for him than it would have been for most people. This remarkable atavism on the part of Mr. Holmes is one of the best illustrations of the correctness of Darwin's theory in recent years—he must have been a monkey to be able to do it, and we must be monkeys for believing it.

After getting up on the cliff without leaving any footprints for Watson to recognize, of course the rest was easy, and after three years we can now all say, "Hurrah for the Second Memoirs of Sherlock!" Robert C. McElravy.



NO PRESENT INTENTION.

THE FOX.—I wish you'd come down here and let me whisper something in your ear.

THE OWL.—Well, if I ever do anything like that, it'll be in the day time when I can't see my finish.



JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

"She might be a canvasser, Miss."

"Does she look like one?"

"Not a bit. That's why I thought she might be."

If the race track fiend would study his own past performances he might conclude that the safest policy is to stop betting.

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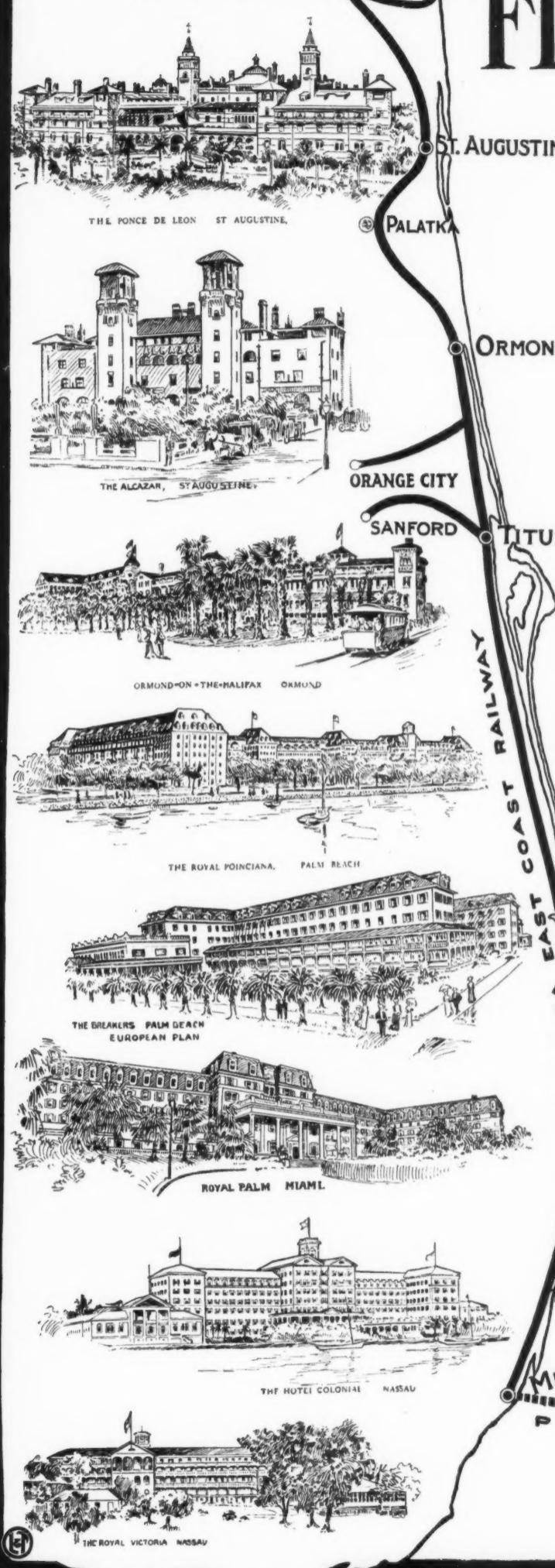
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"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, Only Salesroom in Greater New York.
5th Ave., cor. 22d St.

BILL.—What were the old man's last words?
JILL.—He had none; his wife was there!
—*Yonkers Statesman.*



SURBRUG'S Arcadia MIXTURE.

"No one who smokes the Arcadia would ever attempt to describe its delights, for his pipe would be certain to go out." *My Lady Nicotine.*

STORE IMPROVEMENTS.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO. may feel well repaid for the amount of labor, time and care that has been expended on the alterations in their store, which have been going on for some weeks. For now, that the results are apparent, marked improvements are to be seen in nearly all departments.

Particularly on the second floor, a new arrangement has been made, at once striking and unique. All center shelvings have been done away with, a few relegated to the side walls, the large open space being now filled with show cases and dress racks, together with display tables. The unobstructed view one obtains on entering is very impressive, and is probably the only showroom in Manhattan having this feature.

The many handsome tea gowns and street costumes show off to their fullest advantage, and a striking imported model of black louisine, accordion-plaited nearly its full length, is particularly noticeable. Others of filmy crepe de chine in sky-blue and faint rose color have the very newest Parisian cut and garniture. Paris, too, is written with unmistakable characters upon the dainty cloaks and bonnets for the young toddlers, who have \$2 chapeaux provided for their winter choice.

But it is in the spacious parlor adjoining, devoted exclusively to evening costumes and wraps, that the atmosphere is decidedly that of the city of gowns. Paquin, Doucet, Callot Soeurs, all have contributed of their very best for the robing of the American women.

It is no use praying for the things you will not pay for.—*Ram's Horn.*

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. 1, Lebanon, Ohio.

IF GENUINE
Always the Same!

WILSON WHISKEY. That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.
Baltimore, Md.

WHERE STONE-THROWING IS AN ART.

"Fudge," said Weatherly, "a woman can't throw a stone. She is n't built for it. She has n't the proper muscles. Her tendons are crossed the wrong way. I 'll bet a French hat that there is n't a woman in the party who can hit anything smaller than a barn at ten paces."

There was a moment's silence.

"You are quite wrong," said Miss Wabash in her convincing way. "I have frequently hit a street car with a brick at twenty paces."

Weatherly was silent. He had forgotten that Miss Wabash was from Chicago.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

IF IT'S
Red Top Rye
IT'S RIGHT



NOT COMPLAINING.

SHE.—But there is considerable trouble in tobogganing.

HE.—Trouble? I'd borrow this kind of trouble if I could n't get it any other way.

Health of body and strength of mind are represented in Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters—the best known tonic for blood and nerves. All druggists.

Don't be hoodwinked into drinking another Champagne. Cook's Imperial Extra Dry is the proper wine.

THE preacher can not study how to live by living in his study.—*Ram's Horn.*

TAKING NO MORE CHANCES.

"Are you going to make any speeches?"

"No, sir," answered Senator Sorghum. "The last time I made a speech I got so busy with it that my enemies pushed through a deal while my back was turned."—*Washington Star.*

WOES OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

"De righteous hez a hard time in dis ole worl'."

"Think so?"

"I knows it. Dar 's Br'er Jinkins, wid de rheumatism in his good leg, whilst his wooden leg is leanin' gin' de wall, des ez healthy en hearty ez kin be!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

MAKING HIM USEFUL.

"So your wife does n't object to your smoking in the house?"

"Not a bit of it," replied Mr. Meekton. "I often wish that Henrietta objected to smoking. Then I should n't be obliged to sit for hours blowing tobacco smoke over her window plants to kill the insects."—*Wash. Star.*

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PRECAUTION.

THE MOUSE.—Don't you get dreadfully nervous when people are hunting you?

THE RABBIT.—Very seldom; I make it a particular point never to get in a stew.

PROOF OF IT.

"You business men seem to think," said the Rev. Mr. Ranter, "that the Lord expects you to make all the money you can."

"Well, and is n't that the experience of you ministers? Whenever you receive a call at a higher salary, and you pray for guidance, I notice you invariably accept the call."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

PRECOCIOUS.

"Oh, yes, we were a very young couple, mere children, in fact. I was but a simpering schoolgirl in short skirts and George was just a boy in jackets. I remember how pleased he was when he cast his first vote."

"But he did n't vote until he was twenty-one?"

"George was very precocious. He voted much earlier than they usually do."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

FOND OF ANIMALS.

"I think every good man is fond of animals," remarked the young woman. "I'm glad to hear you say so," answered Mr. Pygmalion Packard, of Chicago. "I s'pose I can claim to think as much of animals as anybody in the business. I bought several hundred thousand head of cattle this Fall."—*Washington Star*.

NONE FOR HIM.

TOWNE.—You see, he married her because he was given to understand she had one hundred thousand dollars.

BROWNE.—Ah, yes; and she did n't have it, after all.

TOWNE.—Oh, yes, she did. And she's got it yet. That's the trouble.—*Philadelphia Press*.

"WHAT'S in here?" asked the tourist.

"Remains to be seen," responded the guide, as he led the way into the morgue.—*Columbia Jester*.

Purity—above everything—distinguishes Schlitz beer from the common.

There's a difference, of course, in the barley, the hops, the yeast. We use the costliest materials. But the goodness of Schlitz is mainly due to its healthfulness.

The artesian water used—the absolute cleanliness—the filtering of the beer, and of even the air that touches it—the extreme aging—the sterilizing of every bottle after it is sealed; those are the facts that make Schlitz what it is.

Those are the reasons why the demand for Schlitz exceeds a million barrels annually.

Yet no standard beer—no beer that is good for you—costs less.



Ask for the Brewery Bottling.

A FEMININE REVENGE.

"That woman in front of us prevents me from seeing the stage."

"Well, that's too bad! I don't see what can be done about it. I suppose she has the right to pile her hair as high as she likes."

"Oh, I would n't raise a word of objection if it was her hair—but it is n't."

And the lady in the front seat heard every word of this.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

NON-NEGOTIABLE.

"Dis is a fine paper," said Meandering Mike; "it says dat de difficulty is not so much in perducin' value as in gittin' it to de best market."

"What's dat to you?" said Plodding Pete.

"It describes my trouble precisely. I've got an appetite dat some o' dese rich folks would give a million dollars fur. An' what good is it?"—*Washington Star*.

JUST A PAUSE.

"Stop!" she cried, when he attempted to kiss her. "You must!" The youth, being unaccustomed to that sort of thing, drew back abashed. "Stop!" she repeated, noticing his timidity; "you mussed—my hair." Then he resumed, but more carefully.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

ADOPTED.

TOWNE.—Yes, he has gotten to be an expert at the game of golf, but it is whispered about that he has shamefully neglected his family and his business in the meantime.

BROWNE.—Ah! that's surely a case where the game is n't worth the scandal.—*Philadelphia Press*.

NOT IN THE PRESCRIPTION.

"What you want to do," said the druggist, as he handed the old darky the medicine, "is to take a dose of this after each meal."

"Yes, suh," was the reply; "an' now, if you please, suh, tell me whar I'm gwine ter git de meals?"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

METHODICAL.

"You say you never eat your Thanksgiving dinner until after sunset?"
"Never," replied Mr. Bliggins. "I always wait till the foot-ball game is over and then if Josh has n't any bones broke we go ahead with the ceremony." — *Washington Star*.

Ball-Pointed Pens

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)



Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch or spurt.

Made in England of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED Pens are more durable, and are ahead of all others.

FOR EASY WRITING.

Buy an assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cts., and choose a pen to suit your hand. Having found one, stick to it!

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Between 21st and 22nd Streets, New York.

ALE IN HISTORY.

From Shakespeare's Time It Has Gladdened the Heart of Responsive Man.

The life and snap and vigor in the air these beautiful, crisp Christmas days suggest to the ever responsive mind of man a quaffing of that rarest of beverages, that prince of liquid entertainers, that subject of song, that inspiration of Shakespeare — rare, old, brown December ale. And is it to be wondered at that along the line of its history ale has been such an important factor in shaping the views of great and intellectual men?

As ale has increased in the estimation of man since the good old days of Sherwood Forrest, when, with his merry men, Robin Hood dispensed the good cheer with a lavish hand, and always to the accompaniment of woodland-echoed song, so has ale improved in the purity and perfection of its manufacture, until to-day, in the eyes of the connoisseur, Evans' stands, representing absolute perfection in the brewing of ale.

You may stand the bottle upside down,
Or lay it on its side;
Or shake it up, or shake it down,
It stays the same inside.

All of which means that Evans' Ale is always clear, is always free from sediment, is always of the same perfect constituency, is always of the superlative degree in quality, in short, is always — Evans' Ale. * * *



AN ASSURANCE.

LANDLADY. — May be you t'ink dere vos a lot of money in der boarding house peezness?

BOARDER. — Vell, Mrs. Hashenstein, ve would n't do you der injustice to suppose dot you would be in it if dere vos n't.

TOO MANY PREPARATIONS.

"They say that after seven rehearsals Charlie Swimmington actually stumbled through the wedding ceremony."

"Overtrained, I suppose." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

HAVING HIS SAY.

"How loud Brother Brown talks in meetin'!"

"Yes; Providence has been turnin' a deaf ear to him lately, and he's givin' it a piece of his mind." — *Atlanta Constitution*.

Pure blood, bright eyes, bounding step, high spirits, good health — synonymous with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, intelligently used. Test it.

Shine on!

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend

lasts. It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale at druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 290 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

NIAGARA FALLS 9 HOURS FROM NEW YORK VIA NEW YORK CENTRAL.

Evans' Ale

The same honest nut-brown, foam-crowned ale that it has been for 117 years.

SPEED.

The horse upon the race track
Is very speedy. Yet
He never seems to go as fast
As money that you bet.

—Washington Star.

Cocktails made with
Pomlo Bitters

Free from Spices.

The Delight of
Connoisseurs.

At all leading Hotels, Cafes
and Clubs.

POMLO BITTERS CO., New York.



Dr. Deimel (LINEN-MESH) Underwear

It makes the skin hardy, robust and unaffected by temperature changes.
For Sale by Leading Houses everywhere.

MINING PROGRESS Contains reliable information about Mining. Of interest to those who may be interested in Mining or want to learn about the resources of Oregon, Washington or Idaho. Free sample copy.
NEIL J. SORENSEN & CO., Sumpter, Oregon

METHODICAL.

"I hope Josh will turn out to be neat and systematic," said Mrs. Corn-tassel.

"I reckon he will," answered her husband. "There could n't be anything neater or more systematic than the letters he sends home sayin' he needs money." — Washington Star.

The Next Time You Feel Tired

Try an Angostura Phosphate, made from Dr. Sievert's Angostura Bitters. At all soda fountains.



40 Sizes, 10c. to 50c. each.
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BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

"The Most Effective of the Natural Medicinal Waters" and "Strikingly Superior to Lithia Tablets" in Bright's Disease, Calculi, Gout, Rheumatism, etc.

Dr. I. N. Love, New York City, former Professor of Clinical Medicine and Diseases of Children, College of Physicians and Surgeons, and in Marion Sims College of Medicine, St. Louis, Vice-President of American Medical Association, etc., in an article in *Medical Mirror*, says: "While being the most effective of the natural mineral waters, it is strikingly superior to emergency solutions of lithia tablets and pure water, even where the said solution is an exceedingly strong one."

E. H. Pratt, A. M., M. D., LL. D., Professor of Official Surgery to the Chicago Homeopathic Medical College, and Attending Surgeon to Cook County Hospital, says: "For **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** a very valuable therapeutic many years I have found aseptic resource. It has proved especially efficacious in Rheumatism, Gout, and Affections of the Kidney and Bladder generally, including Bright's Disease."

Dr. William Doughty, former Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics, Medical College of Georgia, Augusta:

"**BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** is the only reliable treatment known to me for the permanent relief of gravel, and the antecedent conditions that determine it."

Dr. Cyrus Edson, recently Health Officer of New York City:

"I have **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** with great benefit in Bright's disease of the Kidneys."

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by Grocers and Druggists generally.

Testimonials which defy all imputation or question sent to any address.

PROPRIETOR BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.

GREAT RESPONSIBILITY.

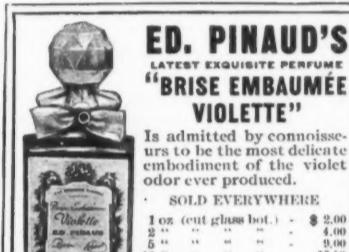
NODD. — Your baby and your cook are both away, are they?

TODD. — Yes. Nobody but my wife and myself are left to run the house. — *Detroit Free Press*.

SHE. — I suppose you understand the rules of golf?

HE. — Oh, yes. **SHE.** — When a man loses a new ball, what does he do?

HE. — Well, much depends upon his early training. — *Yonkers Statesman*.



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All kinds of Paper made to order.

A CYNICISM.

"One of man's best friends is the horse."

"Yes," responded the man with the race-track habit; "but did you ever notice what a terrible faculty your best friends have of disappointing you in an emergency?" — *Washington Star*.

GOTHAM. — Well, I see the Tiger has crossed the bridge.

CHURCH. — Yes; he seemed to have less trouble getting over than we do. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

I. W. Harper Rye.

"On Every Tongue."

A sweet breath from sun-kissed fields of golden grain; nectarized by perfect distillation; enriched, ripened and mellowed by old age. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

BERNHARD DISTILLING CO., Louisville, Ky.

HOYLE AND POLITICS.

"That man boasts of having left politics a poorer man than he was when he entered it."

"H'm!" answered Senator Sorghum. "He evidently regards politics as being something like the game called 'hearts,' in which the person taking the lowest number of tricks wins."

— *Wash. Star*.

Pears'

All sorts of people use it, all sorts of stores sell the famous English complexion soap. Established 1789.

Sold all over the world.

CURIOSITY.

"Let's go out an' see what's burnin'," said Pat to Mike at the theatre.

"What do ye mean?"

"Those two men behind us said they were goin' to the foyer." — *Detroit Free Press*.

IT IS NO USE FIXING the eye on the compass if the hand is not on the wheel. — *Ram's Horn*.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

Club Cocktails



The art of cocktail mixing is to so blend the ingredients that no one is evident, but the delicate flavor of each is apparent. Is this the sort of cocktail the man gives you who does it by guesswork? There's never a mistake in a CLUB COCKTAIL. It smells good, tastes good, is good—always. Just strain through cracked ice. Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors,
HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

"DESE race problems is sumpin' terrible," said Mr. James Colliflour.

"Dat's whut dey is," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "It's gettin' so de hosses is hahder to beat dan policy." — *Washington Star*.

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House Coats, Bath Robes and
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Umbrellas, Canes.
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PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

All allow that pure food and fresh air are essentials to this end, but not every one seems to know that right underclothing is practically as important in our climate. And after all's said and done, there is no right underclothing but wool. But the wool must be absolutely pure and the fabric of scientific weave, like Jaeger's, or else half the benefit is lost.



JOHN LEYENDECKER

THE PROPER PERSON.

FARMER HONK.—I was readin', the other day, that it's a scientific fact that a mule can be kept from brayin' by tyin' a stone to his tail.

FARMER HORNBEAK.—Well, let him that is without sin tie the first stone.

NO RUBBER TIRES FOR HIM.

LIVERY MAN.—Rubber tires?

UNCLE HIRAM.—Nope; when I'm ridin' I want t' know it. — *Detroit Free Press.*

A TRAGEDIAN'S MELANCHOLY QUERY.

"I just heard a man say he would give ten dollars to see you."

"Indeed," said Mr. Stormington Barnes. "Did he look like an ordinary auditor or a man with an attachment?" — *Washington Star.*

THE TROUBLE WITH US.

Says Brother Dickey: "De good book says dat Faith kin remove mountains; but de trouble wid us is—we hardly got enough fer de little hills, w'en we whirls in en tackles de big ones!" — *Atlanta Constitution.*

"I AM a widower," a Missourian said to-day, "and have been for twenty years, and am as persistant in it as I ever was." — *Atchison Globe.*

YEAST.—I understand he is looking for traces of his ancestors.

CRIMSONBEAK.—Indeed! And did his ancestors wear traces? — *Yonkers Statesman.*

A FAMILY FAVORITE.

FRIEND.—You still employ Dr. Hardhead, I see.

MRS. DE STYLE.—He's just lovely! My husband and I both like him. When we are ailing, he always recommends old port for my husband, and Newport for me. — *New York Weekly.*

PRECEDENCE.

TESS.—I hear she is to marry an old fellow with a million dollars thrown in.

JESS.—That is n't her idea. She told me she was going to marry a million dollars with an old fellow thrown in. — *Philadelphia Press.*

HIS READY ARGUMENT.

"There is no doubt," said the estimable citizen, "that intoxication injures the system."

"My dear sir," answered Col. Stillwell of Kentucky, "just think of the harm water has done to our financial system." — *Washington Star.*

HARRY.—The Whiffingtons did n't invite us to their reception.

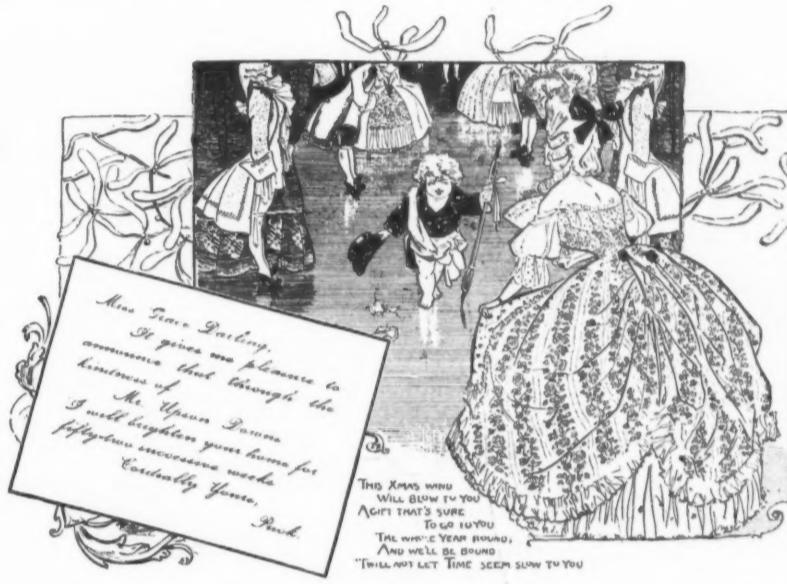
HARRIET.—Was n't it mean? Now we can't go over and use their telephone any more. — *Detroit Free Press.*

PUCK'S NEW CHRISTMAS CARD

Those of our readers who, in former years, have made their friends a CHRISTMAS PRESENT of a Year's Subscription to PUCK, will be glad to learn that we have a New Presentation Card this year. It is designed by the well-known artist, Mr. F. A. Nankivell, and is a beautiful example of color-printing.

The Best Christmas Present— A Year's Subscription to Puck and Puck's Christmas Card.

Many people have, no doubt, often thought of a year's subscription to PUCK as A SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT, but have refrained from giving it, owing to the difficulty of making the presentation. The usual plan has been to present a receipted bill from the publishers; but as this is like putting the price-mark on a present, that plan has never been popular. It remained for PUCK to overcome this difficulty. If you desire to present a subscription to PUCK to anybody, send us Five Dollars, and his (or her) name and address, which will be entered in our Subscription book for one year, and receive from us by return of mail a Card, of which the above reduced sketch gives the design in outline.



This card, (size 7 1/2 x 5 3/4 inches,) printed in five colors and gold, is truly a work of art, worthy of a place in an Album, or to be framed, thus being a perpetual reminder of the giver. The names of the giver and receiver are printed on the card as indicated.

Now, here is something tangible to give;
To send by mail to distant dear ones;
To put in the stocking, or to lay under the Xmas tree.

Remember, there is no charge for the Card (which, by the way, comes in a fine envelope), nor for the printing in of the names; our only aim is to show our friends a unique way of making A SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Address PUCK, NEW YORK.

THE SIZE OF IT.

This is the season when the letter of the Prodigal Son, being interpreted, reads: —

"Dear Father—I will come home for Christmas—and one hundred dollars." — *Atlanta Constitution.*

THE ELOPING PHILOSOPHER.

"We're going to miss getting a room full of presents, George," said the dear girl, as she eloped with the youth of her choice.

"Yes," he cheerfully replied; "and we're going to bear the loss with a good deal of philosophy. When we remember that we don't have to give a room full in return." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

IN DISGUISE.

"You are 'Prof. Brace, antiquarian?'" said Slopay, coming down to the caller who had sent up the card bearing that legend.

"Yes," replied the caller, "I am what you might call a collector of antiquities."

"Ah! glad to know you, Professor."

"Thank you. I've called to see you about that little bill you owe Sellem & Trustham." — *Philadelphia Press.*

QUANTITY, NOT QUALITY.

MRS. SNAPP.—That young woman next door to us got a piano recently.

MRS. KALLING.—So I heard. Does she play much?

MRS. SNAPP.—No; not much, but a great deal. — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

A SEVERE TEST.

WINKERS.—How did Van Brief make such a failure of politics?

BINKERS.—His head was so full of legal phraseology that when he started to make a speech he used the same style of language!"

"Well?"

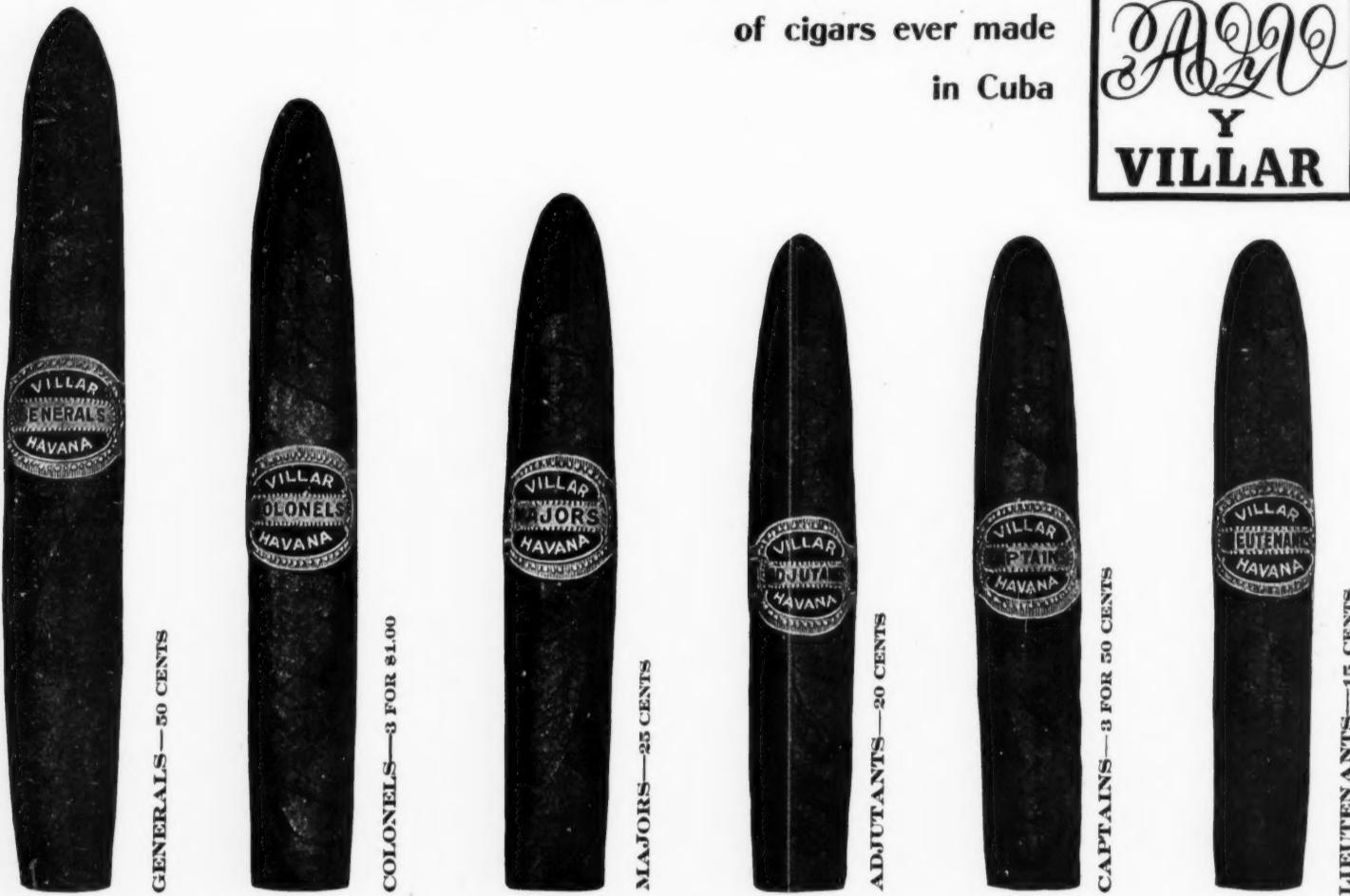
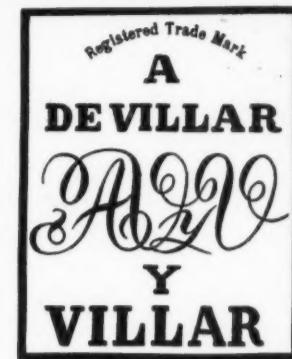
"Well, the campaign was over before he could say anything." — *New York Weekly.*

"THANK DE LORD," exclaimed the old Georgia darky, "de narricane come 'long w'en I wuz too po' ter buy firewood en split de trees into kindlin', en blowed it my way!" — *Atlanta Constitution.*

"WHY do so many of you go around playing together?" asked the citizen of the leader of the German band.

"It was safer," was the thoughtful reply of the Teuton. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

For nearly a century this trade-mark has been famous in Havana and
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of cigars ever made
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These cigars are the best cigars that are now made in Cuba.
They have been sold almost exclusively in Spain, England and other Foreign Markets, on account of their extremely fine quality and straight shape.

They are now offered to American smokers and have been given these new grading names to identify them in size and price.

No better cigars can be made, as only the choicest tobacco, the ripest, most mature and sweetest leaf is used in making them.

The straight shape is the original and best shape, as it burns better, draws more evenly and gives you more tobacco to smoke than the pointed shape.

"Smoke them slowly, as you would sip old wine."

The darker colors are the most to be desired, as they smoke sweeter and mellower.

"A light wrapper does not make a mild cigar!"

These statements are responsibly made and can be verified—and all discriminating smokers of Havana cigars will be gratified to know that cigars of this highest quality, finest workmanship and choicest leaf can now be obtained from the leading dealers in the United States.

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